

# Good 242 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## BRAZIL'S 'TIGER TRAPPER' HUNTS

### WITH SPEAR



Hunter and Prey



Jaguar killed with arrow.



## A.B. TORPEDOMAN WALTER FODEN?

YOUR parents certainly got right away from the ordinary run of cigarettes, shaving soap and razor blades, when instead they supplied you with a pen friend who is to become your wife.

For had it not been for your parents striking a friendship while you were at sea with the mother of a pretty 19-years-old damsel, you might never have met your young bride-to-be.

The romance began about twelve months ago, when Marie Dixon—she lives in the same district, in Lloyd Street—happened to remark quite casually that she'd "like to have a pen friend in the Forces."

"Well, there's always our Walter," said Father Foden, just joking.

And, perhaps with a hint of mischief in his eyes, "He's not over-fond of writing letters, but perhaps if you sent him your photograph . . ."

Father Foden is not too old to know a

pretty face when he sees one, but it was quite unthinkingly that he had spoken what proved to be one of the eternal verities.

For when your father, Walter, told this tale to the "Good Morning" reporter, he pointed out that after he'd arranged the correspondence friendship, and he'd seen "the way things were going"—he indulged in a sly and fatherly smile, and said to himself, "Darned if it wasn't the photograph that did it."

You'll be glad to know, Walter, that your dog, "Lady," is sympathetic towards your little sister, eight-year-old Audrey, since she broke her arm the last time you were on leave.

And your sister's enthusiasm for painting is still being encouraged by Father and Mother; Audrey certainly has talent.

All's well at home; and all send their fondest love—especially your "pen-pal" Marie—do you remember her photo? We'll bet! Good Hunting!

## Here's Our

# Phyllis stripping once again

DICK GORDON Presents STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO

PHYLLIS is stripping again! This time in London, at the Whitehall Theatre.

The show is "Good Night, Ladies," and, gentlemen, if you go it will be a good night for you.

Qualifying that statement, I give you Raymonde Seton, the cleverest Can-Can dancer outside the Windmill; Lynne Bretonn, a very attractive sou-brette, who can't sing too well, but makes up in looks; an exotic dancing team in Costello and Marquee, and three young chorines out of a bunch of women affectionately programmed as "Dancing Loves."

In fairness, I warn you that you will find some dullness. Andre Randall will leave you stone cold, except for his imitation of Hitler, which is excellent, and Edward Cooper will make cracks at you through his ten minutes because you didn't applaud his pianoforte corn. But let's get back to Dixie.

Ever seen her off-stage?

Come to her home, and you'll see her at the vicarage peddling tea to the old ladies. Go to the local pub at week-ends and you might see her in a quiet corner with her husband, Jack Tracy. Come around week-ends and you'll see her cooking the dinner, or maybe trying out one of the new recipes she has recently got from her friend, Norah Alexander.

No kidding. The queen of strip-tease is a homely suburban housewife.

TALKING of strips, look at Hollywood for a moment. Who'd have thought it possible to film a really daring strip without raising a censor's eyebrow? Hollywood's done it, and M.G.-M. prove it in "Best Foot Forward."

The key scene is when 100 youngsters discover that a top-flight film star is a guest at their school dance. They're eager for souvenirs, and when the 100 youngsters go after souvenirs in the shape of Lucille Ball's dress, that is the "strip tease."

For two days director Buzzell trained the group in the art of ripping off clothes. His star wears an ultra-fashionable gown of white, with figure-moulding jersey bodice, and is known as the "second front" dress, the answer to the Servicemen's plea for glamorous fashions.

Cameramen perch on ladders to catch effective shots.

Prop. - men hover in the background. Visitors crane for a vantage view. Make-up men crowd around Miss Ball.

The camera moves in on a close-up of Miss Ball in her seductive gown, still in one piece. The next moment it

swings in a swift arc to Virginia Weidler, who leads the souvenir-hunters.

The rest of the youngsters close in. Off comes a ruffle, off come more flowers, then another piece of cloth, still another, still another, and about this time the camera backs away.

The next shot shows a bewildered and dishevelled Miss Ball standing in some scraps of silk and lace—and "strip tease" has been filmed.

As I was saying, "Who'd have thought it?"



FOR another piece of filmdom fake you can't do worse than going to "Heaven." Yes, "Heaven"—that's what I said!

M.G.-M. technicians have envisaged Heaven for sequences in "A Guy Named Joe," starring Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne.

When the order was given to the studio art department for Heaven as depicted fighting pilots would see it, Cedric Gibbons, art director, called in his associate, Lyle Wheeler. "Have you any idea of what Heaven looks like?" he inquired. "I'm sure I don't know."

Wheeler didn't know, either. And Heaven was to be filmed in two weeks.

It was finally decided to leave much of it to the Imagi-

nation of filmgoers. They laid out a vast white plain, stretching away to infinity, with no horizon. Fleecy cloud-banks filled the sky spaces. Hundreds of lights were used to flood everything with dazzling white, with no shadows to be seen anywhere. Faint mists float about to give a nebulous effect.

Gustave Dore's illustrations in Dante's Divine Comedy proved helpful. The prologue scene in Goethe's "Faust" was studied.

In the last analysis, despite the hard work of the studio technicians, those who see the picture will envisage Heaven each according to his own mind.

Victor Fleming is directing "A Guy Named Joe," a thrilling and fantastic story of war-time aviation, based on the legend current among airmen that pilots never "die," but remain on earth to aid and guide young fighter pilots.



Harrison family, occupy other corners of the garden. All are life-size, and guaranteed to scare the daylight out of unsuspecting strangers wandering around in the dark.

Demoted because he was too heavy for the vessel, Neptune now gets an annual "facial" from Mr. Harrison.

His Sunderland father certainly lavished plenty of attention on him, for his beard is perfect in every detail, and the wrinkles on his face are unobliterated despite the ravages of the sea.

## Father Neptune is 100 Years old

IF the white-flecked foam of the seas of Europe had been hitting you in the eye for forty years on end, you'd applaud Father Neptune's decision to forsake the sea for a roost in a picturesque garden.

But once a sailor, always a sailor—and that's why the salt tang of the sea still wafts across Neptune's nostrils.

Even if that wasn't sufficient compensation for retirement, there's always the Russian fisherman and the two sirens (female) to keep him company.

Neptune was born of a Sunderland craftsman over 100 years ago. For forty years he was monarch of all he surveyed as figurehead of the 300-ton brig "Ocean."

Backwards and forwards from Middlesbrough to the Baltic, conveying horses from Marseilles to the Crimea, he was buffeted and battered by North Sea rollers and the billows of the Bay of Biscay.

And then came retirement. Father Neptune, trident in hand, now stands guard over the pretty garden belonging to Mr. James B. Harrison, of Robin Hood's Bay (Yorks).

His mates, figureheads on other brigs owned by the

## Remember this "Pen Pal"





## Continuing: THE SHOT

By ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

## "MY ENEMY STILL LIVES"

SILVIO did not fight. He was satisfied with a very lame explanation, and became reconciled to his assailant. This lowered him very much in the opinion of all our young fellows. Want of courage is the last thing to be pardoned by young men, who usually look upon bravery as the chief of all human virtues and the excuse for every possible fault.

## QUIZ

for today

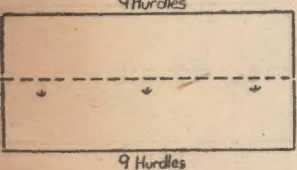
1. A mahl-stick is used by an otter hunter, artist, archer, manicurist, water diviner?
2. Who wrote (a) The Dover Road, (b) Dialstone Lane?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Gamboe, Ultramarine, Vermilion, Aquamarine, Sepia, Crimson Lake?
4. On what river does Maidstone stand?
5. What and where is the Appian Way?
6. What is the date of St. George's Day?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Crepitation, Dishevelled, Fratrecide, Histrionic, Juresdiction?
8. What is the weight of a quartern loaf?
9. Who invented dynamite?
10. What public building in Great Britain may the King not enter?
11. What is the capital of Jamaica?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) The fly in —, (b) The nigger in —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 241

1. Bird.
2. (a) A. J. Cronin, (b) James Thompson.
3. Rubber is of vegetable origin; others animal.
4. Soar.
5. March 22.
6. 2.112.
7. Niece, Maintenance.
8. 100,000.
9. Addis Ababa.
10. May 29.
11. 1933.
12. (a) Albert, (b) Delilah.

### Solution to Puzzle in No. 241.

22 Hurdles. Only two more hurdles are needed to hold double the number of sheep.



## JANE



But by degrees everything became forgotten, and Silvio regained his former influence. I alone could not approach him on the old footing. Being endowed by nature with a romantic imagination, I had become attached more than all the others to the man whose life was an enigma, and who seemed to me the hero of some mysterious drama.

He was fond of me; at least, with me alone did he drop his customary sarcastic tone, and converse on different subjects in a simple and unusually agreeable manner.

But after this unlucky evening, the thought that his honour had been tarnished and that the stain had been allowed to remain upon it in accordance with his own wish, was ever present in my mind, and prevented me treating him as before. I was ashamed to look at him.

Silvio was too intelligent and experienced not to observe this and guess the cause of it. This seemed to vex him; at least, I observed once or twice a desire on his part to enter into an explanation with me, but I avoided such opportunities, and Silvio gave up the attempt. From that time forward I saw him only in the presence of my comrades, and our confidential conversations came to an end.

The inhabitants of the capital, with minds occupied by so many matters of business and pleasure, have no idea of the many sensations so familiar to the inhabitants of villages and small towns, as, for instance, the awaiting the arrival of the post.

On Tuesdays and Fridays our regimental bureau used to be filled with officers; some expecting money, some letters, and others newspapers. The

packets were usually opened on the spot, items of news were communicated from one to another, and the bureau used to present a very animated picture. Silvio used to have his letters addressed to our regiment, and he was generally there to receive them.

One day he received a letter, the seal of which he broke with a look of great impatience. As he read the contents his eyes sparkled. The officers, each occupied with his own letters, did not observe anything.

"Gentlemen," said Silvio, "circumstances demand my immediate departure; I leave to-night. I hope that you will not refuse to dine with me for the last time. I shall expect you, too," he added, turning towards me. "I shall expect you without fail."

With these words he hastily departed, and we, after agreeing to meet at Silvio's, dispersed to our various quarters.

I arrived at Silvio's house at the appointed time, and found nearly the whole regiment there. All his things were already packed; nothing remained but the bare,

bullet-riddled walls. We sat down to table.

Our host was in an excellent humour, and his gaiety was quickly communicated to the rest. Corks popped every moment, glasses foamed incessantly, and, with the utmost warmth, we wished our departing friend a pleasant journey and every happiness. When we rose from the table it was already late in the evening.

After having wished everybody good-bye, Silvio took me by the hand and detained me just at the moment when I was preparing to depart.

"I want to speak to you," he said in a low voice. I stopped behind.

The guests had departed, and we two were left alone. Sitting down opposite each other, we silently lit our pipes. Silvio seemed greatly troubled; not a trace remained of his former convulsive gaiety.

The intense pallor of his face, his sparkling eyes, and the thick smoke issuing from his mouth, gave him a truly diabolical appearance. Several minutes elapsed, and then Silvio broke the silence.

"Perhaps we shall never see each other again," said he. "Before we part, I should like to have an explanation with you. You may have observed that I care very little for the opinion of other people, but I

## WANGLING WORDS—197

1. Put a sharp taste in REC . . . LE, and get a figure.
2. Rearrange the letters of WON TEN to make a famous scientist.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: CAN into ADA, EASTER into LETTER, SHOE into HEEL, LOAN into CASH.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ORCHESTRAL?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 196

1. LANCASHIRE.
  2. WILLESSEN.
  3. OLD, ODD, ADD, AID, BID, BAD, PAD, PAL, ZERO, HERO, HERS, HENS, FENS, FINS, FIRS, FIRM, FORM, FOAM, FOAL, FOUL, FOUR, HOUR, FOOT, FORT, PORT, PART, CART, CARD, YARD, SCENT, SCANT, SHANT, SHALT, SHALL, SHELL, SMELL.
  4. Tire, Rite, Rate, Tare, Tear, Tier, Rail, Lair, Sate, Teas, Tail, Tale, Late, Easy, Lace, Lays, Sail, Stay, Rice, Lies, Rest, Last, Lest, Stir, Star, Rats, Rest, Cash, Rash, Lash, Rich, etc.
- Satyr, Yeast, Least, Trail, Trial, Liars, Tries, Cries, Stray, Chair, Cleat, Cheat, Chest, Chart, Shire, Their, Share, Clays, Cater, Crate, Harts, Heart, Trace, Hasty, etc.

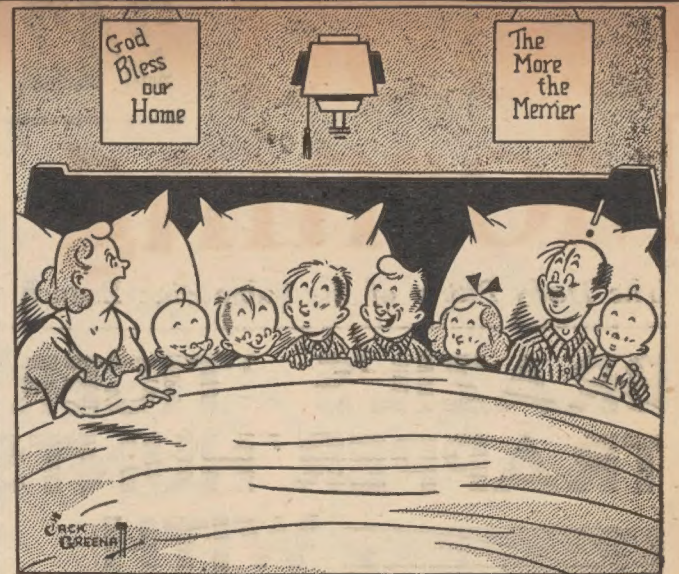
When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues given below, you will find the centre column down gives you the name of a famous French General. 1, To be silent. 2, A fruit. 3, Equal. 4, Danger. 5, A source from which supplies may be drawn. 6, To come in contact with. 7, An established principle.

Solution in No. 243.

### NUMERICAL PUZZLE

YOUNG Bernard had his nose in a book; in fact, he had read two-thirds of it. After he had perused a further 81 pages he told his mother, quite truly, that he had read five times as much as there were pages left to read.

How many pages did the book contain? (Answer on Page 3)



"Seven years married, and what have we to show for it?"

like you, and I feel that it would be painful to me to leave you with a wrong impression upon your mind."

He paused, and began to knock the ashes out of his pipe. I sat gazing silently at the ground.

"You thought it strange," he continued, "that I did not demand satisfaction from that drunken idiot R—. You will admit, however, that, having the choice of weapons, his life was in my hands, while my own was in no great danger. I could ascribe my forbearance to generosity alone, but I will not tell a lie. If I could have chastised R— without the least risk to my own life, I should never have pardoned him."

I looked at Silvio with astonishment. Such a confession

completely astounded me. Silvio continued:

"Exactly so; I have no right to expose myself to death. Six years ago I received a slap in the face, and my enemy still lives."

My curiosity was greatly excited.

"Did you not fight with him?" I asked. "Circumstances probably separated you."

"I did fight with him," replied Silvio, "and here is a souvenir of our duel."

Silvio rose and took from a cardboard box a red cap with a gold tassel and embroidery (what the French call a "bonnet de police"); he put it on—a bullet had passed through it about an inch above the forehead.

(To be continued)

### ODD CORNER

A PART from an outer facing of Portland stone, all the stones of which Australia House, London, is built were quarried out of native Australian rock. There are lavas from New South Wales, marbles from South Australia and Victoria, and thousands of tons of other ornamental stone—all brought halfway round the world to make Australians in London feel at home.

IN the earliest music there were only five notes to the octave—corresponding roughly to the black keys of a piano. Lots of old, traditional tunes can be played on these notes only. Then came the seven-note octave, and then the twelve-note one at present in use. In

this, there are twelve semitones, equally spaced throughout the octave, but perfection has not yet been attained.

Nigel Haig, of Middlesex, recently stated that it had cost him about £12,000 to remain an amateur cricketer for twenty years. A professional salary is £400 a year, and an amateur usually spends about £200 on the game, so that there is a difference of £600. Haig considers that £12,000 is a high price to pay for having one's initials printed in front of one's name on the score card!

The only cricket regulation that has never been altered is that the pitch should be 22 yards long.

### CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Domestic Mineral. 4 Record-book. 10 Four. 11 Keenly. 12 Wasting time. 14 Ungrateful. 15 Tinges with gold. 16 Extremity. 17 Dealing with. 18 Examined accounts. 21 Garment flap. 23 Perch. 24 Wet food. 26 Young rodent. 29 Brief number. 31 Pet notion. 32 Stratagems. 34 Bar of fence. 36 Confive. 37 Insurance expert. 39 Spoil. 40 Hems in. 41 Fish.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11					
12		13			14			
15				16				
17		18	19				20	
21	22		23			24	25	
	26	27			28	29		
30	31			32		33		
34	35			36				
37			38			39		
40						41		

CLUES DOWN. 1 Oak plug. 2 Number. 3 Plaything. 4 Not keep pace. 5 For instance. 6 Charge. 7 Fruit. 8 Old measure. 9 Isle of Wight town. 11 Made certain. 13 Girl's name. 16 Channel. 19 Beetle. 20 Irish county. 22 Suits. 25 Problems. 27 Utility. 28 Metal. 30 Dull brown. 33 Unconvincing. 35 Card. 36 Woman's title. 38 Close to.

BATMAN FLAT  
AVAIL CAUSE  
REPLY LINKS  
BRED TARGET  
TREVOR EWE  
P WATER R  
ASS LATEST  
LIONEL SHOO  
INLET PIANO  
SCOMS ELVER  
HENS SPEEDY



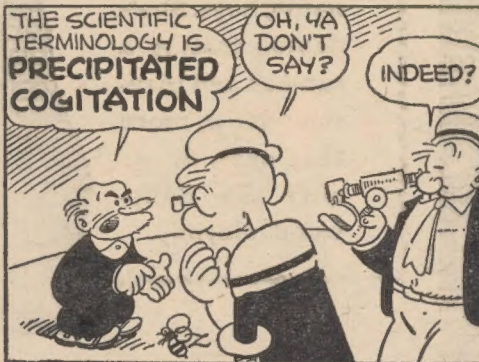
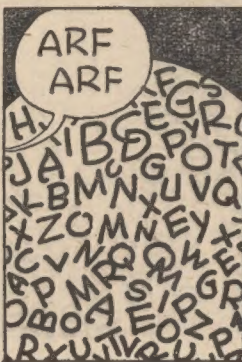
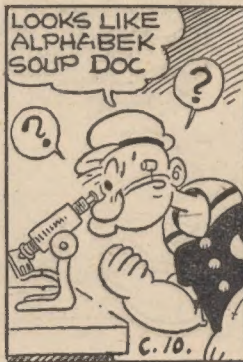
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 18

By JOHN ALLEN

## BRENTFORD

BY brilliant play, go-ahead methods, and a desire to give their followers good value for money, Brentford have, during the last few years, forced their way into the forefront of First Division teams.

Much of this success can be traced to their clever manager, the former League referee, Harry Curtis. In his quiet way he has built up brilliant teams in which youth is cleverly blended with experience, and this has brought the "Bees" good reward.

The Football League was formed in 1888, and during this year a small minor club, calling themselves Brentford F.C., were also formed. All their players were amateurs, but their skill soon attracted the big professional sides, and Brentford were always losing their stars to the big teams.

So they decided to become professionals themselves.

For years, until 1933, when they won promotion to the Second Division, and in 1935, when they forced their way into the First Division, Brentford rarely sampled success. Since their First Division climb, however, they have become a power in football.

Their grand centre-half and captain, Joe James—finest pivot never to gain a cap—has been the mainstay of this success. Joe and I are old friends, and not so very long ago, when talking of his years with the club, James mentioned that he lost his job to play a trial for the "Bees."

At the time he was a fitter's mate. He asked for time off to go to Brentford for a trial, but was told he would be sacked if he went. Joe went, was signed, and soon gained Brentford's League side.

During the course of his brilliant career he has had many unusual experiences. Perhaps the most amusing, however, was when he once played at Fulham.

Large crowds had gathered to view the match, so some of the boys were allowed to sit behind the goals. During one hectic Fulham attack, Joe slid, with ball and Fulham winger, over the touch-line for a corner.

As the Brentford skipper climbed to his feet, a red-faced little boy thrust a notebook under Joe's nose and said, "Sign, please."

And Joe James did! But then, that is typical of a truly fine man.

Leslie Smith, the R.A.F. and England outside-left, is another Brentford star who has hit the headlines. How Leslie first attracted the attention of Manager Harry Curtis is a good story.

Several years ago Gordon Curtis, son of the "Bees" chief, used to go home and rave about a young left-winger who played for his team. "He's the best I've ever seen," he said to his father. So persistent was Gordon in praise of this boy, Smith, that Harry Curtis decided to have a look at the lad.

One look was enough: the lad had talent. When he left school, Brentford gave him a job in their office, had him carefully coached, and eventually gave him a place in their League team.

To-day there are few finer wingers.

Strangely enough, a great deal of Brentford's success can be traced to Middlesbrough F.C. From this side many of the "Bees" finest players were secured when the 'Borough had no other use for them. Mathieson, Watson, Holliday, Muttitt, and Scott, to mention a few, were secured at next to nothing, and assisted the "Bees" to reach the top.

Now Manager Harry Curtis, like all other League chiefs, is thinking of the future and encouraging his junior side. No young player could have a better example than Leslie Smith.

The Brentford club, as I said earlier, has by hard work and persistency won for itself a place among the truly great teams of modern football.

Solution to Numerical Puzzle on Page 2. 486.

## LAUGH WITH SHAUN McALISTER

He: "What would you say if I kissed you and ran away?"  
She: "What's the hurry?"

Society Lady: "Did you ever engage the enemy, Admiral?"

Admiral (sweetly, but positively): "Yes, then married her and had a real fight."



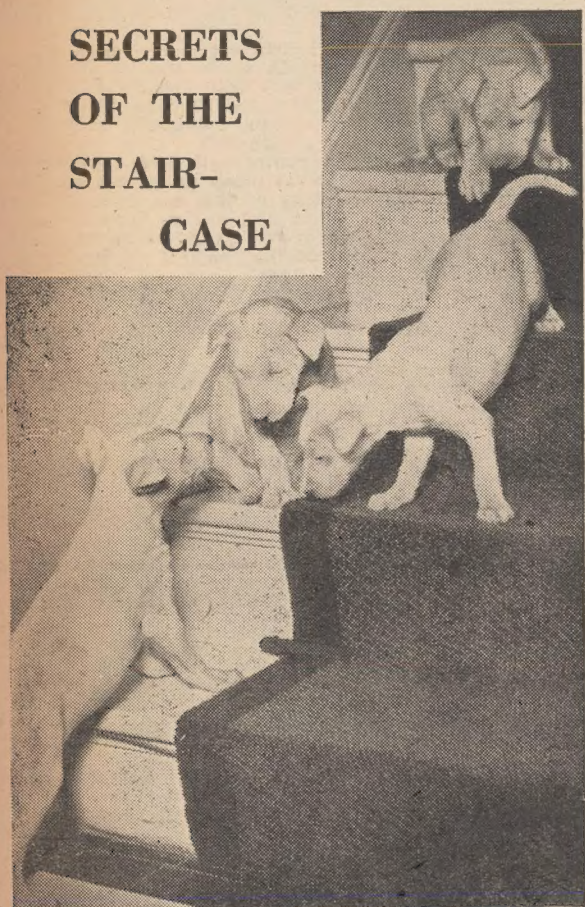
# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



"Hey! Leggo! It's bad enough IMAGINING the bed's going round, never mind finding it IS!"

## SECRETS OF THE STAIR-CASE



Signe Hasso is the name, boys. She's demonstrating a sun-hat and play-suit. Now, more than ever, do we envy the Hollywood playboy.



"If you guys don't make less noise, I'll give you the length of my tongue."

It may be cool under the trees, but even a glimpse of the sun-bathed "Crown" at Northill, Beds., gives one a real mid-summer thirst.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lummy, I could do with a pint."



## This England